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From the Alexandria Gazette.

JOHN ROSS AND THE INDIANS.

The following passage from the New York correspondence of the Montreal Courier, is not without interest, especially in connection with the recent intelligence from General Gaines. The project alluded to appears rather Quixotic, and would as leave eat a boiled frog." yet nearly all important projects seem so at first, except to the few enthusiasts with whom they fried." originate. The Indians have been sadly wronged, ruthlessly robbed; and yet, the future is preg- boil it?" nant with many similar scenes of outrage and oppression. The march of civilization is onward,-and so is the progress of plunder!

"My present object is to speak of John Ross, the chief of the Cherokees. It is his object, he makes no secret of it, to those with whom he is on a familiar footing, to go among all the tribes of Indians and have a "talk." To tell them that they have warred with each other long enough, that they must now unite-it is the will of the Great Spirit-or they will be swept away. The white men are advancing and advancing-and though they now say that they will not encroach upon the lands marked out for the red men, in a few years they will want to remove them again. When Ross has gained his object of uniting the various tribes of his brethren in one common interest, he then proposes that they should all abandon the lands now theirs, as far as the Rocky Mountains-in which there are numerous flats, and delightful pasturage, buffalo, &c. &c., and let the white men take possession of all the low country to the Rocky Mountains; but permit them to encroach no farther, but with the immense forces they will possess, in the fastnesses of the mountains, fight for the last relic of their own, their native land, if it be necessary, to the death.

There is something very noble in this Indian's resolve. But Ross is no ordinary man. He is one of those apparently marked out by nature for great and lofty enterprise. Should he carry out his designs, and should further wrongs be at tempted upon the hunted lords of the soil-their stand at bay will be terrible. Our Government has taken the scattered tribes of the Indians with that singularly infatuated policy which characterizes all its doings, and placed them all together. They are now, likewise, as they have not been before, alive to their true interests, versed in the tactics of our warfare, and enabled to compete with us in instances successfully. Ross has another idea, which shows how deeply calculating he is in regard to his people and brethren. He proposes to purchase of Mr. Catlin his Indian gallery, and to take it with him to the Rocky Mountains, there to build a temple for its reception, and invite the warriors of all the tribes to visit it. There they will see, many of them, their own portraits upon the same wall. He will tell that the Great Spirit created the great medicine man (Catlin,) to bring them together, as they see themselves on the wall, in order that they shall fight each other no more, but be united. He will make it a great temple, and none but those who have distinguished themselves will be allowed to enter it, and that only on the performance of religious rites and ceremonies. This would unite the Indians heart and soul. Mystery is the very key-stone to all their actions. Such a mystery would make those who had raged with the enmity of tigers, peaceable as lambs. You have now some idea of the Cherokee chief, John Ross.

REVOLUTIOARY RELICT.—The Frankfort (Ky. Commentator, in describing the celebration of the National Anniversary at that place, has the following notice of the Shelby brass piece, which after having gone through many vicissitudes, is now the property of the State of Kentucky:

The dawn was announced by a fire from one glorious little cannon-we call it glorious because its history is full of glory and renown. It was brought to America by General Burgoyne, with a view to subjugate our bold ancestors, but he was forced to surrender it at Saratoga, and the little piece talked for liberty during the remainder of the war. Peace came, and with it a long rest for our cannon. But the war of 1812 again found her in the service-she was among the first to speak to the British on the Canada frontiers. The traitor Hull surrendered her with the military post at Detroit, and she was compelled to render reluctant services to her old masters. Harrison and Shelby with the Kentucky volunteers, rescued her at the Thames, and the President of the United States made her a present to the hero of King's mountain, and he placed her in the custody of Kentucky. Who is there that can take her again? We apprehend that an attempt would create : clashing of swords, and cracking of rifles, and a rallying among the hunters of Kentucky, the like of which was never seen before.

Lewer's Republications .- Mrs Lewer, widow of the late Wm. Lewer. gives notice that the lamented death of her husband will in no way retard or interrupt the publications, but they will and harmless. The effects of the drug will not was made by a German composer on a bird escontinue to be issued with the same promptitude and regularity as heretofore, and we must be allowed to express the hope that the public favor will not only be continued, but increased .- Alex. having, at the lapse of three weeks, flown at him

Fire and Death from a Spirit Lamp .- In New York, on Wednesday evening, a Mrs. guished.

A GENTLE REPROOF .- BY S. SLEEPER.

One day, as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily vocation after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home-saw some covered dishes placed on the table, and, with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well wife, did you get the fish I bought?" "Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet any thing you have spoiled it for my eating, (taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best

"You didn't think any such thing; you knew better. I never loved a fried fish; why did'nt you "My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you

know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also." So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish-a sight of which would have

made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband. "A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he: "boiled fish, chips, and porridge. If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would

have made it into a chowder." His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent

chowder. "My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please

There is your favorite dish.' "Favorite dish, indeed!" grumbled the discom-

fited husband; "I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishv-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled rog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife. As soon as the preference was expressed, she uncovered a large lish near her husband; there was a large bullfrog, of portentous dimensions and pugnacious spect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the anexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating the sale of the Sigourney estate: one, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner.'

LOVE.

he garden of the heart;

he lilac crocus of autumn.

water it morn and even.

reathings of the south.

bloometh in the borders of Hope;

Its companions are gentle flowers, and the oriar withereth by its side.

ts smile:

lown and kissed it; And I thought some cherub had planted there

truant flower of Eden,

lourish in a kindly soil. I saw, and asked not its name, I knew no anguage was so wealthy,

Though every heart of every clime findeth its cho within.

And yet what shall I say? Is a sordid man apable of—Love?

Hath, a seducer, known it? Can an adulterer

Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel ts purity?

Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth?

stroving its own;

of tenderness and joy;

Lasting, and knowing not change-it walk-

eth with Truth and Sincerity.

If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be of this bright spirit, head the subscription with

Yet often will thought look back, and weep people, dear doctor, and your 'smile becomes you over early affection;

And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be neard as a reproachful spirit,

Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of

The East India method of rendering snakes harmless.—The secret, so much wondered at, by which EastIndia jugglers safely handle venomous snakes, is said, in the Oriental Herald, quoting the of Whitshire, have heard the nightingale; but authority of Lieut. Hutton, to be this: they are drugged with opium, which renders them quiet Bucke's work, which we give as a curiosity. It wear off for a fortnight or three weeks. This fact teemed a capital singer.' rience; a drugged snake which he had purchased unexpectedly, and nearly strangled him.

AN AMERICAN MOTHER. - The Albany Evening Journal says-" Mrs. Nightingale, the American Roach, while trimming a spirit-lamp, was horri- Mother, whose firmness and affection, amid all bly burnt by its bursting in her hand, and has the horrors of the Pulaski's wreck, awakened deep since died from the effects of the injuries received. and general interest, passed through Albany this The room also caught fire, but was soon extin- morning, on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Henry Van Rennselaer, of Ogdensburg.'

THE AMERICAN POETS. BY WILLIAM WALLACE

A river flowing through
The flower enamel'd plain;
'Tis thus thou stand'st to view, Thy song without a stain.

WILLIS. His spirit like a vase Of alabaster shrines, Where gems and fire have place On nature's holiest shrines.

PERCIVAL.

An eagle in the sky Of song, he proudly mounts, And rears his crest where lie Castalia's purest founts. HALLECK.

A streamlet in the morn-A torrent in the night. When stars are o'er it born, Are emblems of his might

He strung his solemn lyre With chords that scraphs own,--Yet oft the wildest fire Darts round the minstrel's throne.

WETMOPE. An oak, around whose form The greenest ivy clings, Soaring alike in calm and storm,— To us thine image brings.

He strikes his harp, and lo! Our patriots round us throng!— What tears of rapture flow At his inspired song.

JOHN NEAL. A whirlwind in the clouds! Vesuvius spouting flame, Pale ghosts in snow-white shrouds. Must tipily thy name.

GALLAGHER. Rold as the storms that roll Around our western skies, The thoughts that fill thy soul To us in song arise.

HILLHOUSE. A mighty alp of mind: Where poesy's enshrin'd In amaranthine bow'rs.

FAIRFIELD. Wild as the sybil's tone His burning thoughts are given A low'ring alp his throne His wreath the stars of heaven.

WHITTIER. Loud as the trumpet s blast, Sweet as an angel's lyre, His words in years long past Gushed out in patriot fire!

Mr. Willis, in one of his letters to the New York Mirror, thus delicately, and poetically alludes to

"Talking of home, I wonder whether it is true that adverse fortunes have thrown Mrs. Sigour-Zachariah could not stand this. His surly nev's beautiful home into the market. It is ofnood was finally overcome, and he burst into a fered for sale, and the newspapers say as much. children were lying in bed almost naked, their hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife If so, it is pity indeed. I was there once; and to little clothes having shared the same fate; and was right, and that he was wrong, and declared leave so delicious a spot must, I think, breed a that his wife was drunk, as was also the first witthat she should never again have occasion to read headache. In general, unless the reverse is ex- ness. Furious words very naturally ensued, and him such another lesson; and he was as good as treme, compassion is thrown away on those who it was under these truly exasperating circumleave a large house to be comfortable in a small stances that he had struggled with his wife, so one—but she is a poetess, and a most true and as to occasion—but it was clear unintentionally sweet one, and has a property in that house and her fall; and it certainly did appear that, either There is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad in all its trees and flowers which can neither be while she was falling, or immediately afterwards, bought nor sold. It is robbing to sell it for its ap- he had more than once struck her with some Its root lieth deep; it is delicate, yet lasting, as parent value. You can understand, for "your violence, but not in a way to have alone caused spirit is touched to these fine issues," how a tree her death, which the medical evidence showed to Loneliness and thought are the dews that that the eye of genius has rested on while the have been occasioned by the injuries which she mind was at work among its bright fancies, be- had received upon her head in falling upon the Its sun is the brightness of affection; and it it down. So with walks. So with streams. So situation. with the modifications of natural beauty seen thence habitually-sunrise, sunsetting, moonlight. In peculiar places, these daily glories take peculiar ef-I saw it budding in beauty; I felt the magic of fects, and in that guise genius becomes accustomed to recognise and love them most. Who can buy oner, with an agonized countenance, looked away The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped this at auction? Who can weave this golden mesh in another tree—give the same voices to an- quivered, his chest heaved, and, in spite of his other stream-the same sunset to other hills ? This fair property, invisible as it is, is acquired Mr. Justice Patteson observed his agitation, and As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may slowly. Habit, long association, the connexion seemed himself not a little affected when he with many precious thoughts, (the more precious beheld the little thing, in obedience to the sumthe farther between) make it precious. To sell mons of the loud-voiced officer, was brought into such a place for its wood and brick, is to value court, and placed close beside him, to give evi-Tom Moore for what he will weigh-Daniel dence which might seal the fate of her father. Webster for his superfices. Then there will be She was so very short, that he handed over to a time (I trust it is not far off) when the proper- the officer the footstool he had been using, in and the poet must be killed before the honey is the head of the little witness did but just come tasted. For how much more would Abbotsford above the top of the witness box. She was sell now than in the life-time of Scott? For what rather a pretty looking girl, and her face was speare's house at Stratford ? I have not the honor Longing for another's happiness, yet often de- and cannot judge with what philosophy she may look towards her, and whose tears, silent evi-Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain can be no doubt it falls heavily; and it is one of quently. In all other respects, he preserved a those instances, I think, where public feeling stern composure throughout the proceedings. Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among should be called on to interpose. But in what shape? I have always admired the generosity a little emotion, as he bent down his ear to and readiness with which actors play for the bene. her, "do you know that you have come here to fit of a decayed brother of the stock. Let Amer- speak the truth?" If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth lean authors contribute to make up a volume, and let the people of Hartford, who live in the light

> W's, but it will be ready in my small turn." THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG .- In a review of Bucke on the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," in the Gentlemen's Magazine, there is the following passage: "All our readers not living north of Lincolnshire, or west none have ever read their written song in Mr.

ten thousand copies. You live among literary

better than any man's in all Phrygia.' You can

set it affoat if you will. My name is among the

Tiou, tiou tiou tiou Spe, tiou, sgua. Tio, tio, tio, tio, tio, tix. Coutio, coutio, coutio, contio. Corror, tion, squa-pi pi qui. Zozozoz zozozozozoz zozo-zeshaoling, Tsissi, tsissi, si si sisisis.

Dozorre, dzorre, dzorre dzorre, hi. Tzatu, tzatu, tzatu tzatu tzatu tzatu tzatu dzi. Qui tr rrrrrr itz.

INTERESTING TRIAL FOR MURDER.

(Extract from an article under the head 'The Northern Circuit, in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine.)

The last trial of interest that I witnessed in the Crown Court was one which took place on the next day, or the day after. It was that of a man for the murder of his wife. He seemed about 35 years old, and was dressed in respectable mourning. He stood at the bar with an air at once of firmness and depression. He was a little under the average height, and his countenance would have appeared clear that he had been guilty of a most barbarous murder. On their depositions before the coroner, a verdict of manappeared from the testimony that the deceased with hard labor. had been very far advanced in pregnancy; that the prisoner had had some dispute with herbeing a most violent man, they said-and knocked her down, her head falling against the sharp corner of a chest of drawers, which cut it open, and the wound bled profusely; and that, while she was thus prostrate and insensible, the prisoner furiously kicked and struck her repeatedly death, on the same evening, or the evening after, I forget which, being the consequence. As far as this evidence went, nothing, of course

could have been more brutal than the conduct of mother of the deceased, and who gave her evithat occasion. That the deceased and the witness, at her request, had frequently pawned all their clothes. That the prisoner was a pilot, a beggared them, and driven them from their former comfortable dwelling to the wretched cellar in which had occurred the catastrophe then the wearied, but found that every article of his clothing had been pawned by his wife, and that his

The third witness brought forward against the prisoner was, alas! his own daughter, a little girl about five or six years of age, decently dressed in black. When her name was called, the prisfrom the spot where she was to stand; his lip efforts, tears forced themselves from his eyes.

"My child," said the judge, as I thought, with

"Yes, sir." "And will you, my dear, speak the truth-and tell us all the truth, and nothing else?"

"Yes, sir." "What will become of you, do you think, if

on tell a lie?" She paused; the judge repeated the question; and she answered distinctly, "I shall be burned

n everlasting fire." "Where did you learn that?"

"The Bible, sir." "Have you ever been at school?" "Yes, sir, at the Sunday school."

"She may be sworn," said the judge, and the ath was immediately administered to her.

Was not this, dear Christopher, a grievou sight to see? The little daughter called to give life; for the murder of her mother? Though in a melancholy tone and sad manner, she gave her evidence with great propriety, clearly and firmly. Her tiny voice could be heard distinctly in all hold of it, until Saturday, when one of the Gerparts of the crowded and silent court. She evinced, as was to be expected, a strong leaning totwice struck her mother when she was lying bleeding on the floor. She also stated that her mother had several times actually taken that her mother had several times actually taken, her—the little girl's—shoes and stockings off has been arrested at Buffalo on charge of murderher feet, that she might pawn them for gin; and ing a man named Smith, whose pocket book was that she and the other children had been often found on the person of Melot.

obliged to lie in bed, because their mother and grandmother had taken away their clothes for the vile purpose above mentioned! Who could listen to all this without feeling the deepest commiseration towards the unhappy prisoner? Till he had been hurried into the act with which he then stood charged, he had always borne an unblemished character as a quiet, respectable man, who labored hard to support his family, and who could have kept them in comfort but for his wife's ruinous propensity to drink. His counsel addressed the jury on his behalf with much earnestrather prepossessing than otherwise. From the ness, contending that on the whole of the evievidence in chief of the first two witnesses it dence, the prisoner was entitled to an acquittal, or, at least, to a verdict of manslaughter. The judge, however, directed the jury that there was no evidence to support the charge of murder, but slaughter only had been returned; but in reading that the prisoner had been clearly guilty of manthem, Mr. Justice Patteson had felt it his duty slaughter. He then recapitulated the evidence; to instruct the grand jury to bring in a bill for and, after a quarter of an hour's consideration, murder-a step which seemed most amply justi- the jury pronounced a verdict of "manslaughter." fied by the evidence which they now gave. It He was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment,

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

There once lived a very pious though hypochondriacal man, who was a patron of most of the nostrums which in these days are recommended as "certain cures" of all the diseases which afflict our race, and verily believed in their efficacy, though he grew no better by taking them. On a certain occasion, being in the city of Providence, he heard of a famous medicine, that, like the "Matchless Sanative" and "Brandreth's Pills," was "astonishing every body with its the prisoner; but, on cross-examination of the mighty cures." He hastened to obtain it, and, first witness, a little ill-looking old woman, the returning home in the evening, requested the lady with whom he boarded to steep it according dence manifestly under the influence of the most to directions, (the medicine consisting of roots bitter resentment towards the prisoner, the case and herbs,) that he might try its effects early on began to assume a very different aspect. It was the following morning. Accordingly, the kettle wrung from her after great prevarieation, and was was hung over, and, after a suitable time spent also established by other witnesses, that she had in simmering and stirring, it was deposited in the herself, on the evening in question, been drinking corner; and, after taking a dose, the invalid retired gin with the deceased, at the residence of the lat- to rest. Before light, however, he was up, and ter, a miserable cellar. That she had herself knocked loudly at the door of his landlord and fetched five quarterns of gin for the deceased on lady, requesting them both to rise, and try the virtues of this new panacea, "for," he added, "I heard you both complain of indisposition last her husband's clothes, and those of her children, evening, and I have no doubt it will do you whom she had once or twice sent to bed early good." The gentleman arose, and the invalid, in the afternoon, to enable her so to dispose of with a cup and spoon, proposed the prescribed dose for both, adding a small quantity of brandy, remarkably steady and hard working man, and as directed; which having taken, they sat down earned amply sufficient to enable himself and to feel its effects. Soon he thought he felt it family to live in very comfortable circumstances; working in his stomach; in a few minutes more but this accursed propensity of his wife's had he could perceive its influence on his whole system, and he began earnestly to call for his landlady to come forth and try it too. She soon appeared, and he began to tell her how wondersubject of inquiry. That on the evening in fully this new medicine was operating. "Why," question he had come home from the sea wet and said he, "I can feel it to the end of my toes; but come, you must try it." So saving, he took the cup and spoon, and was in the act of dipping again from the kettle, when the lady exclaimed, "What! is that your wonderful medicine?" "Cortainly!" said he; "you know we steeped it last night." "Yes," said she, "and after you went to bed I poured it in a bowl, and warmed some water in the kettle. It is my dishwater that you feel to the end of your toes." He was done up: he looked imploringly to the man and his wife. and said: "Now, don't tell of this." "I certainly will," said the man, "for it is too good a story to be lost; and, beside, it is a fine illustratration of the power of the imagination.'

THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS .- The Himalaya Memory and absence cherish it, as the balmy comes the cradle and home of these fancies. The drawers, added to the effects of violent excite- range, while it greatly exceeds the Pyrenees, the brain seems driven out of its workshop if you cut ment and excessive liquor upon a person in her mountains of Norway, the Swiss Alps, and even the Andes, in altitude, equals them in grandeur of scenery. Travellers who have seen both, yield the palm to this chain, which divides the plains of Hindostan from those of Thibet, and in which the Ganges and the Jumna, and many smaller rivers, have their rise. Some of these mountains rise to the immense height of 27,000 feet above the level of the sen; and from 18,000 to 20,000 feet appears a common altitude. The passes which European travellers have already explored, as those of Shastool and Rol, are from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, therefore, higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. The Shastool pass is flanked by an inaccessible icy peak, 2,000 feet higher than itself.

There is very litle level ground to be found in these mountainous districts, though cultivation is ty will be treble even saleable value. The bee order that she might stand upon it, and even then attempted upon the southward slopes, at the incredible height of 10,000 feet, and in some places higher. There the crops are cut before they are ripe. Few human habitations are found above could you buy Ferney-Burn's cottage-Shak- very sad and pale. She did not, however, cry, 9,500 in height, and at 11,800 the forest ceases. though her eyes seemed glued to the figure of her though dwarf birches and bushes creep up to of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Sigourney, miserable father, who never once ventured to 13,000. Pasture ranges seem to ascend to 14,000 feet. On the northern sides of some of the valsustain this reverse. But bear it well or ill, there dence of the anguish he was enduring, fell fre- leys, having, of course, a southern exposure, both dwellings and fields are found somewhat higher, and furze bushes are found at the immense height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea .- Newburyport Herald.

> The police officers of New York were called in on Monday, to settle the quarrels between a German and Jewish family, residing in the same house. The Germans having had a falling out with the Jews, procured a quantity of rancid pork, with which they operated so as to torment the Jews in a most intolerable manner. The Jews occupied a room underneath that of the Germans, and if they happened to open the window, and sit or stand at it to breathe the fresh air, down came a cord from the window over them, with a piece of pork daugling at the end of it, the insufferable odor of which obliged the Jews to shut down their window. If the Jews carried in a pail of fresh water from the pump, they had scarcely laid it down when some of the Germans slipped a piece of pork into it, and the Jews had to throw out the water. If the Jews happened to leave their cookevidence against her father, on his trial for his ing utensils for a moment in the yard, the Germans threw pork into them, and deprived the Jews of their dinner. The annoyance was of such a nature that the criminal law could not well lay mans capped the climax of his barbarity by throwing a large piece of fat against the face of one of wards her father; but she admitted that he had the Jew ladies, who lodged in the house.—Newburyport Herald.

> > Suspected Murder .- Melot, a French Canadian,